THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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OUR FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS AND THE CHURCH BEHIND THEM.

BY REV. R. W. MCGRANAHAN.

MY VISIT to many of the churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania in the interest of our work this summer enables me to answer intelligently the question of the editor of the MAGAZINE, "What is the attitude of the church towards Freedmen's Missions?"

Before starting out I received two hints as to how the church would receive a representative of our work, and as these views were not quite in harmony I had some curiosity to know which was correct. A brother in another denomination who had traveled a good deal among the churches of the North on much the same mission as I was undertaking kindly cautioned me to be prepared to be received with icy coldness by at least half of the congregations that I would visit. On the other hand Dr. T. H. Hanna, on the commencement platform of our college last June, had boldly made the statement that there was no department of the church's work to which she was so responsive as to the work among the colored people. I am happy to say that the first brother did not know the United Presbyterian church and Dr. Hanna did. A more cordial reception could not have been given any cause than that accorded ours. In arranging for the meetings, although they were to be wholly for the benefit of our work, the local church receiving nothing except the unpaid bills for janitor service and lights, yet of nearly one hundred pastors written to there were not more than two, where it would have been possible to have a meeting, who did not respond most cordially in opening the way for their churches. The results of the visit to the churches show that the people are not behind their pastors in their interest in the work.

The suggestion comes that it is important that the church be kept informed about the work. This can be accomplished in many ways. When our foreign missionaries return they are kept very busy telling the story of their work to the various congregations. They expect nothing else. Why not use the teachers in the Freedmen's schools in the same way during their vacation? They are modest and will probably have to be asked, possibly coaxed, but in many instances they would have as interesting a story, with a record of as much self-sacrifice and heroic service as if they had come from India or Africa. Every missionary society which can obtain such a worker ought to have a service every vacation time that would do good for the congregation and the cause.

A great deal of money has been given by

members of our church to the support of Tuskegee Institute and other schools in the South for training colored youth. We are glad this is the case. We would not under any circumstances insist that non-sectarian schools, such as Booker Washington's, should not receive a liberal support from all denominations, but we believe that it is only right that when help is given to special enterprises those of our own denomination should come in for first claim.

The response of the church to the needs at Knoxville has added a tract of land worth $7,500 to our property, enabling the Agricultural department to be carried on much more effectively.

Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.

SELF HELP FOR THE NEGRO.

By H. B. FRISSELL, Principal of Hampton Institute,, Hampton Va.

THE negro race is essentially a child race. Its early days were spent in Africa, off from the great routes of commerce in a tropical climate where it was unnecessary to make much provision either for food or covering. It was natural that a race brought up under these conditions should have gained little of the work habit. No race can make very much progress until it gains this habit. Slavery brought to them, with much that was bad, some regular habits of industry, some knowledge of the English language and of the truths of the Christian religion.

When the Negro is placed alongside the Indian today, it is clear that slavery was a much better training-school than the reservation system. Slavery brought the Negro into contact with the white man—while the reservation system pauperized the Indian and shut him off from his white brother.

It was natural that when the Negro came out from slavery he should look upon all labor as degrading and that he should revolt from it. To him liberty, and especially education, meant escape from all toil of the hand. He naturally sought the knowledge of books and cared very little for the knowledge of things. He very naturally considered that sort of work the highest into which the hand did not enter.

Many of the institutions that were started after the war in the South took little account of the real condition of the blacks. They recognized their thirst for knowledge, but they did not always understand that no individual and no race can amount to anything which does not gain habits of work, and that knowledge of manual labor must come before higher sorts of work. With the more careful study of the Negro race there has come a clearer understanding of the fact that with more than one half of the black people living on rented land. and under a mortgage system of crops, which is really an irresponsible slavery, it is essential that instruction be given in agriculture and mechanic arts for men, and in cooking and sewing and the other parts of domestic art for the girls.

As long as the great masses of the black race remain in their present condition of serfdom, little progress can be made. While it is most desirable that certain picked individuals of the race should be trained for the professions, yet for the great mass of the blacks the training which should fit them for self-help is most essential; and that the necessity and dignity of manual labor should be emphasized in our institutions of learning. One of the hopeful signs in the case of the Negro is his hunger for land. The last census of the State of Virginia seems to indicate that in the last six years there has been an increase in the land holdings of the Negroes of one third. The acquisition of land has a most stimulating and beneficial effect. There is no better school for the training of moral character than the small farm where father, mother and children are laboring together for a home of their own. The students that come

to our southern schools from these homes give us the very best material to be found. The lessons of thrift and of self-denial are gained, which are invaluable.

When the Negro owns property he becomes self-respecting; he becomes a good citizen. The counties in Virginia where the Negroes own the most land are the ones in which there is the least crime. In one of these counties, where only a few years ago the jail was full of Negro thieves and large numbers were sent to the penitentiary, to-day, very largely as the result of land owning, crime is almost entirely abolished. For months at a time there are no Negroes in the jail and for three years none have been sent to the penitentiary.

In view of these facts it seems desirable that the young men who are fitting themselves for the ministry might be taught habits of business and some knowledge given of plants, animals, and the soil, so that they might be able to give instruction to the people which should help them to the acquisition and proper cultivation of land.

The work which is done in such schools as Scotia, in the matter of training our girls, in cooking and sewing is most admirable, and might with profit be introduced into them all. The whole movement of modern education is in the line of learning by doing, and the relation of education to vocation is much closer than heretofore.

In some of our schools our children are taught from the very kindergarten to love work. The work at the wash tub and ironing board becomes a pleasurable occupation. There is no reason why washing and ironing should not be just as much a source of pleasure to a child as the games of the kindergarten. There is no reason why work with the rake and hoe should not give as much pleasure as some game which has no relation to the establishment in them of the work habit.

Our education, especially in the case of the blacks, ought to help to dignify the common things of life. The blacks have a perfect idolatry of books. Their education and their religion have been too much in the air. They need to be made to touch ground; they need to be harnessed. Intellectual, like physical food, is good just as far as digested. If undigested, the more given, the worse.

It is of vital importance that in the training of the child races which are coming under our care, we should realize the necessity of instruction in self-help; that we should teach them that "if a man will not work neither shall he eat"; that we impress upon their minds the fact that "Labor must be," and that only through struggle can they enter into the Kingdom of Heaven here or hereafter.—*Assembly Herald.*

A GLANCE SOUTHWARD.

Read at the W. G M. S., Monmouth, Ill., May 1901 By MISS CHRISTIANITA TOTTEN, of Athens, Tenn.

IN ORDER to better understand the work of the Freedmen's boards of our church we will visit the mission stations.

Wilcox county is situated in southern Alabama. Camden is the county seat. There are about 5,000 whites and 25,000 colored people in the county. Getting off the train at Catharine, Ala., we drive four miles and reach the first station, Prairie, which was established about seven years ago. Rev. J. C. James has charge of the church and school. There is a large farm in connection with the work, of which Mr. N. B. Cotton has the charge. The students have the opportunity to learn agriculture on more improved methods and some are availing themselves of it. There seems to be an eagerness on the part of the people to get on the mission land. This means to them good rations, comfortable homes, and, more than these, they crave the interest that they know is taken in their welfare. There is a farm house, a home for the

School Building, Miller's Ferry.

teachers, erected recently, and the schoolhouse which, as most of us know, was erected by the Juniors of our church through the efforts of Mrs. Jennie Hastings Gillespie, in memory of whom the school was named. I happened to be a worker in this field before the farm was bought, hence can fully appreciate the changes that have occurred. In places where dilapidated one-room cabins once stood, in which families of from eight to twelve lived, have gone up neat little cottages containing two or three rooms (see missionary Magazine, November, 1900.) and the tenants are encouraged to raise flowers, vegetables, poultry, ete.

Five miles across the Alabama river is Miller's Ferry. The work here, now in charge of Rev. C. A. Johnson, was established twelve years ago. It has certainly been a blessing to this community. Ignorance and superstition have given way to the light of the gospel. The efforts of the workers have been untiring and the fruits are being seen. Many who a few years ago had no one to show them the light, are now leading others into it. There is a thriving church, and a good day school. The industrial feature of the work is emphasized. In addition to needle-work plain cooking is taught and the boys have the privilege of learning the carpenter trade. Judge Henderson, who owns most of the land in this section, is a staunch friend of the work. He has helped it greatly, and the missionaries have the greatest confidence in him.

About five miles from Miller's Ferry is Canton. The missionary in charge is Mr. J. N. Cotton. This is the youngest mission of the Black Belt, but good and lasting work is being done. Some of the white planters have expressed themselves as pleased to have it in their midst. They say that the people are doing more faithful work.

Four miles from Canton is Camden. This is a small town. The school buildings are situated in the suburbs on a beautiful site. Rev. E. K. Smith has charge of the work. Much progress is being made. The young people connected with the work seem to be using their opportunities well. Already three of the students have gone to Knoxville College and are making a good record.

Coming north from Alabama to Tennessee, Cleveland is the first station to which we come. The work here has been going on for over two years. Rev. J. A. Cotton has charge of it, and with his wife and other workers are doing excellent work. It is a good field, and the church and school are on a fair road to prosperity.

Riceville is the next and about twenty-two miles from Cleveland. Rev. J. H. Tartar is in charge, and is at present the only worker. There is a school, and members are received into the church as a part of the Athens congregation. The work is yet in its infancy, but it is a needy field and there is much hope that it will build and prosper.

Athens is a little town about fifty-five miles from Knoxville. This work is ten years old. Rev. J. C. Arter has charge of it. There is a large and comfortable church, also good school-buildings. The church membership is not as large as formerly because of removals. There are some staunch United Presbyterians here and they are very appreciative. The school runs one

Parsonage, Miller's Ferry.

month longer than the Alabama schools because the people do not live by agriculture. They are more intelligent than the Alabamians, their opportunities for education having been better. Several students from this place have gone to Knoxville College and taken higher courses. Four of them are teachers in our mission schools, and all the schools in the county are taught by these students. A white citizen of the town in a public meeting one night declared the work a success. If it had not been for it, he said, many of the young people would have been occupying places in the jails and penitentiaries; but instead of that most of them have turned out to be law-abiding citizens, holding positions of trust.

Knoxville College is our next stop. This institution has been a blessing to the South. The strong Christian influence brought to bear upon students there hardly fails to make them better. The teachers in the other stations have been supplied from this college.

At Bristol, which is on the line between Tennessee and Virginia, there is a very promising mission field. Rev. F. A. Woodfin has charge of this work. A prominent citizen of Bristol gave a lot in one of the best locations of the city and $1000 to help erect a building. All departments seem to be prospering.

At Bluestone, and Norfolk, Va., and Henderson, N. C., there are mission stations also. These are older and larger than most of the others mentioned. I have no personal knowledge of them, but they are engaged in similar work, and accomplishing much good. In each mission there is an industrial department where the students learn to sew. Each has a church with a steady growth, and nearly all of them have Women's Missionary and Junior societies connected with them.

The question might be asked, What are some of the discouragements and encouragements of your work? Impure living is one of the great hindrances. In several places, especially in the Black Belt of Alabama, marriage is disregarded, and men and women live together as man and wife without manifesting the least shame or seeming to realize the enormity of the sin. Then their children go astray and have to be denied the privilege of attending the day school and associating with other young people. The parents seem hurt and surprised, and feel as if they had not been treated right. After living among them for awhile I understand why such an important matter was overlooked. In times of slavery the matches were often made by their owners. An old ex-slave told me that the marriage ceremony in those days consisted of simply crossing over a broom stretched across a door three times, and they were then pronounced man and wife. I know of three couples who claim that this is the way in which they were married.

An ignorant, incompetent ministry is another source of discouragement. It is amazing the confidence the people place in these men, who are blind leaders of the blind. They have large audiences, and will get a following even when they fall far short of what they ought to be in their daily lives. They seem to be of the opinion that religion manifests itself in noise and excitement; hence those who sit quietly are branded as having no religion. It is their great purpose to discourage education. They know when the people become educated they lose their hold upon them; so it is to their interest to keep them in the dark. We have often been told that there is nothing in a quiet religion. They sing, "Gie me dat old-time religion, 'Tis good enough for me," with all the assurance that they are right and we wrong.

The way in which the worship is conducted in some of these churches is pitiable and disgraceful. If the preacher cannot "holler" until he can be heard for half a mile, he is not considered a good preacher. When some intelligent one goes among them and preaches, the sermon is spoken of as a good talk.

The greatest excitement prevails while the preacher occupies the rostrum. Loud as he might scream there is always some woman in the audience who can take a

higher key. Exclamations like these are frequent: "Come on down the line, brudder!" "Stop tellin dat truth! Preach it, bud!" In some places what is known as the holy dance is a feature of the worship. After the sermon has been preached and the collection taken, the audience will set back the benches, form a circle, and while some sing others will go through the most curious motions of jumping up and down, back and forward. The children who attend the missions schools learn a great deal of the Bible, and often decide for Christ in an intelligent manner. Very often these little ones are offended by being told, when they go home, that if they do not hear or see something they have not been converted.

When some one in a family dies the relatives refuse to touch the body. Strangers must come in and prepare it for burial. Then while the corpse is being removed out of the house, the water in which the dead body was bathed, and the bed which was used during the illness, must go out of the house just behind it. It is considered very bad luck if these things remain longer or are carried out sooner. Then the funeral is not preached at the time of burial. It is put off a year or two later during the summer, when it is announced all over the county that it will be preached on a certain Sabbath. People who live miles away will assemble at the appointed place taking baskets of refreshments with them. The church is filled almost to suffocation, and the service begins. Shrieks and cries are heard from all over the audience. Sometimes three or four preachers take part. Whether the person was known to be good or bad he goes to heaven all the same, and if the preacher dares to imply any doubt as to the character of the deceased there is a quarrel afterwards. When the service is over the people go outside of the church, and have a regular picnic. They eat, drink, laugh and talk, those who a short while before were in such grief joining readily in the mirth. What a mistaken idea of the true religion! Yet to many of them the words of the Saviour are applicable: "They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Another hindrance is the home influence. In most places the homes are one-room cabins scantily furnished, and they do their cooking on the single fire place. I visited a home once that was unusually small. There were eleven in the family, and the head of the house coolly informed me that they had two boarders, making in all thirteen occupants of that little room. But this is the dark side of the picture, and I am glad to say that there is a brighter side.

As the missions increase in number, they increase in influence. One encouraging feature is the eagerness of the children to attend school. Some of them walk for miles, often through the rain, poorly clad. They are docile and affectionate, and seem to regard the school-room much as they should their homes. They lean much on the teachers for advice. The fact is, they will do just what the teachers do. It is encouraging to note also how they enjoy the study of God's word. Some of them are pretty well acquainted with the Bible and can find places readily, and they take part in the religious meetings with ease. Our hearts were made to rejoice several times when students would come back after the summer vacation and tell how they had beautified their homes and set up the family altar. The parents sometimes say to the teachers: "Our children are lots of comfort to us. They read the Bible and sing to us when we come home tired from work, and make us feel glad."

Slowly but surely these little ones are taking the hands of their elders and leading them out where there is a purer atmosphere even to the feet of the dear Saviour. They are fond of the psalms also. Indeed it is a common occurrence to hear the psalms sung in the fields or around the home Out of their little earnings they give freely to the church. They make it a matter of conscience to do this, and when they are called on to give to charitable purposes and cannot respond with money they will bring chickens, eggs or anything they happen to have. And now that larger homes are being

built on the mission land, those who live on other plantations are becoming discontented and are demanding larger homes, and are getting them too, for the planters cannot do without their help.

The mothers' meetings are doing a vast amount of good in the way of making the homes better. The women meet every Friday and after a Bible lesson, questions pertaining to the home-life are discussed ; e. g., How should we treat our husbands ? How can we make our home attractive? How to clean up a room, wash dishes, etc? Each one will express her views, and then we get the opportunity to present the proper way. When these homes are visited afterwards it can be noted that these suggestions are being put in practice.

Then they are getting more business like. A few years ago they accepted everything on trust, and would at the end of each year find themselves in the planter's debt, sometimes paying two or three times for the same thing. But they are asking questions now, and demanding receipts. Some are trying to get along without having the weekly rations of food advanced them by raising their own provisions. In this way they manage to have some money at the close of the year.

The question used to be : Can the Negro learn anything ? Knoxville College and many other institutions have already answered this. Our Northern friends spend hundreds of thousands of dollars every year on Negro education and religion, and I feel certain that this outlay is not in vain. The Negro must be trained in habits of industry and economy, also taught how to be neat, orderly, and punctual. Our schools aim to attend to these things. If we look merely at the masses we see little improvement, but when individuals are considered we find that remarkable progress has been made.

The United Presbyterian church has not spread as rapidly in the South as some other denominations, but in places where it has been well planted it maintains a strong hold. To those who are interested in our people, and are giving constantly that they may have the light, I say : Pursue the noble work you have undertaken. God has given you means to enable you to give. He has also given you hearts full of sympathy for the Freedmen, who are advancing slowly, but surely. And what of the future ? True we cannot pierce its shadowy veil, but we can hope for, and anticipate much.

We thank God for what has already been done, and trust Him for the future. There are hundreds of Sabbath-schools and Young People's societies to be organized, a multitude of souls to be won for Christ, and such work can be done only by earnest work. We may not achieve greatness, but we may, as Longfellow has beautifully said :

"Build today, then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place."

GRATIFYING TESTIMONY.

A pastor of a Southern Presbyterian Congregation, recently writing for the "Presbyterian Standard" (Southern), gives testimony to the character of the work that the Northern Presbyterian Church, through its Board of Missions for Freedmen, is trying to do toward the evangelization of the negroes in the South. This testimony is worthy of being reprinted far and wide that it may strengthen the confidence of our own people in their own work and thus increase their energies and double their contributions to a cause that is greatly crippled and suffers continually from the meagre support it receives as compared with the magnitude of the undertaking. The following is what our Southern Presbyterian brother has to say :

"There is a current opinion in many places that Presbyterianism is not adapted to the Negro's religious faculty, and that it is a hopeless undertaking to carry the gospel to him. The idea behind this is that the

standard of morality of the Presbyterian Church is so high that the Negro cannot and will not reach it. Besides being somewhat a reflection on the standard of piety in other churches, it is untrue to the many facts in the case. The writer has had opportunity to see the effect of Presbyterianism on the Negro. In the bounds of his congregation there are three Negro Presbyterian churches. They are in connection with the Northern Presbyterian church. The worship of these churches is carried on just as it is in the white church. All the proprieties of worship are observed. The congregations are large. The attendance is regular, and the men and women show marks of genuine piety. Quite often the elders will come to the pastor of the white church or to one of the elders to ask how they ought to act in certain matters of discipline. Members who break over the bounds of morality are wisely and certainly disciplined. The preacher is quiet and instructive. One of the best meetings they ever had was held entirely in the day time, the minister saying that he did not want to hold any all night meetings.

"Now as to the morality of these people. In the neighborhood no stable, or cow house, or chicken house is locked day or night. There is almost no pilfering and the court records show that for a year at a time not one Negro from these townships is convicted of a criminal offense and put on the chain gang.

"Here these indisputable facts stand out. The Negro loves the worship and doctrine of the Presbyterian church. They attend its services. They are amenable to its rules and standards of piety. They are moral and God fearing. In a word, Presbyterianism does for the Negro just what it does for the white man, and the moral is: If we wish well to our colored neighbor, if we love our country and its future, give the Negro Presbyterianism, just as we have it." —*The Assembly Herald.*

RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH FOR BETTER MAINTENANCE OF THE NEGRO.

THE New South is by far the best place for the Negro. He is acclimated and indigenous to Southern climate and soil. The beginning of the new century appears to inspire, more than ever, the development of Southern resources.

Everywhere throughout the South the latent resources are being awakened at the touch of a progressive civilization. New factories and mills are springing up almost daily. Fertile lands are yielding supplies greater than ever.

The great forests, vast fertile fields, undeveloped mines at the base of the great Appalachian mountains, the thousands of mills and factories, together with the commercial life of the South, present most splendid opportunities to the people of African descent. There is less race prejudice and competition in Southern industry than there is at the North and none whatever in the great pursuit of agriculture.

The South is naturally an agricultural region. The white man prefers the city, government and merchandise to tilling the soil. The Negro is quite at home amid the sugar cane and corn.

The demand for Southern products is rapidly increasing. It is stated upon high authority that the crops of the present year alone will bring to the farmers five hundred million dollars, yet no more than one-third of the agricultural lands of the South are under cultivation.

It is a known fact that the timber of the South "equals in value that of the balance of the Union." The two-thirds and more of agricultural lands, much of it well timbered, are today at the Negro's option. In the county in which I live there are today ten thousand acres of good land for sale on easy terms, for about six dollars per acre. We are learning that in order to become a fixture in the South we must be rooted in the soil.

One disadvantage under which we labor in buying land is lack of ability in making contracts.

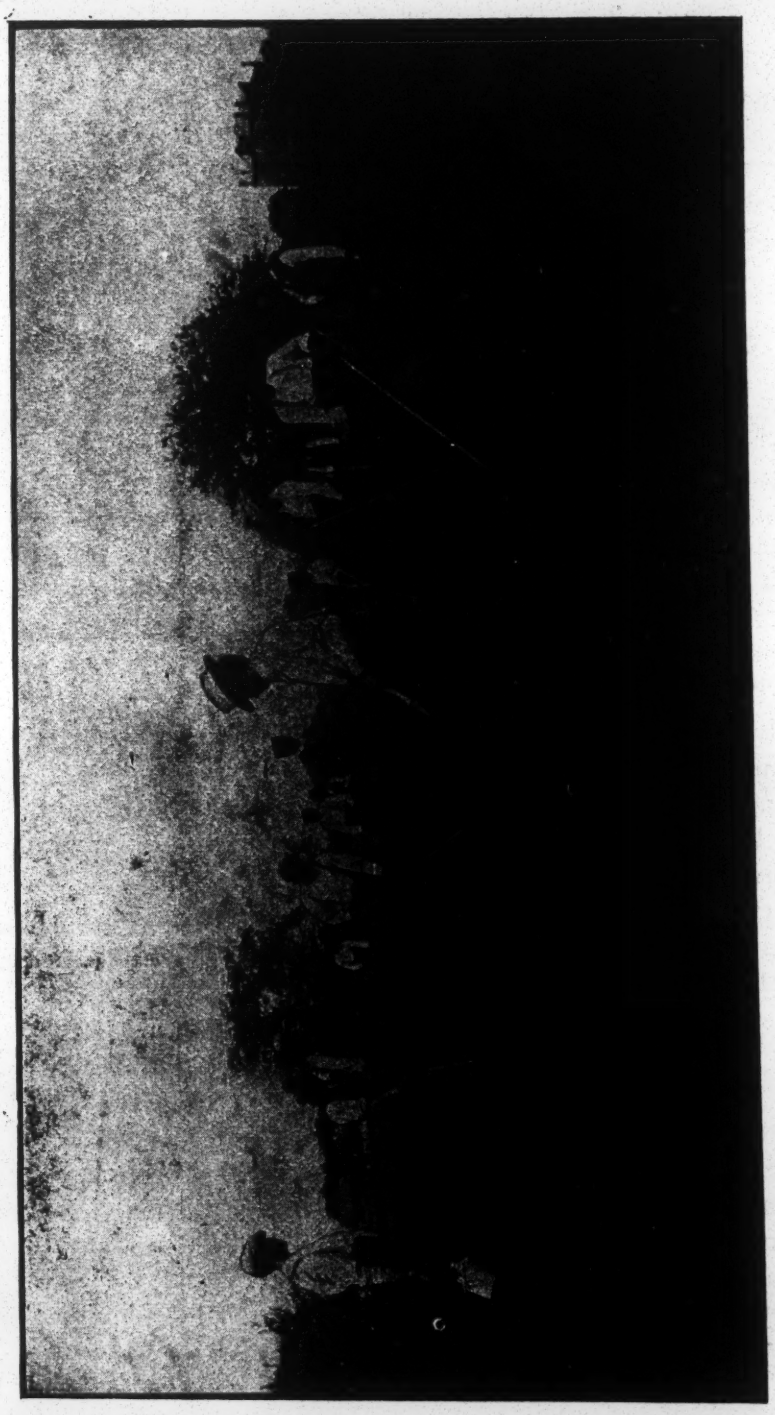
Experience is a great teacher. We have learned many things by experience. We are learning that in order to stay in the South and do well we must make ourselves

indispensable.

Negro labor is cheap and we are doing more work and, in many cases, better work for the money than any other race can do.

For years the Southern farmers have relied almost exclusively upon the cotton crop; but to-day we are developing a diversified industry. Much wheat and corn are raised. Vast amount of sugar, vegetables, strawberries, watermelons and fruits of all kinds are being produced in the South and find a ready market.

From none of these pursuits is the Negro debarred. The demand for labor of all kinds was never greater than at present. The increase in price of farm products is relieving the congestion in the cities by the return to farms of many who had sought the towns to better their condition.



Our Mission Farm, Prairie, Ala.

The recent race troubles in the North

and West seem to check emigration and have done much to lead the Negro to accept his environment and to "let down his bucket where he is."

We are improving our home life. The one room cabins are rapidly disappearing and comfortable dwellings are taking their place. We are having books and organs and many other things to make the home life attractive.

We havs stores of all kinds that are enjoying good trade. Savings banks are being organized and are doing a good business. There is scarcely a large town in the South that does not have a competent colored physician. If we are permitted to enjoy the sympathy and aid that wealth owes to poverty, that the stronger owes to the weaker, that education owes to ignorance, that our white Christian brother owes to his brother in black, the next decade will record a race no longer burdened with a problem.—REV. C. DILLARD *In Home Mission Monthly.*

FREEDMEN'S WORK UNDER THE CARE OF THE WOMEN'S BOARD.

BY DR. C. JANE VINCENT, Cor. Sec.

That the Women's Board has charge of the Industrial training in the way of cooking and sewing at each mission for the Freedmen and the Agricultural station at Prairie, Ala., is well kaown through our annual reports, yet a little reviewing once in awhile may not come amiss.

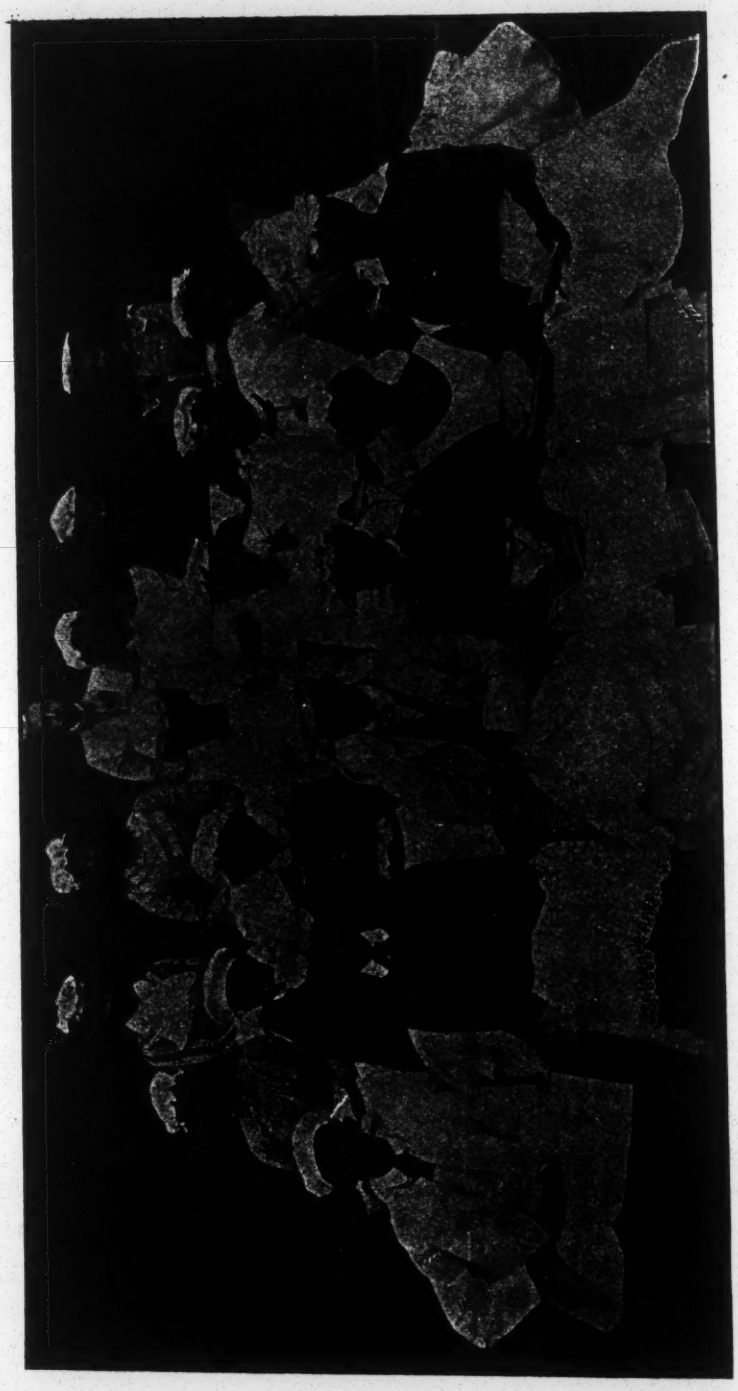
There are no departments now quite so popular as the Industrial. The pupils are eager and anxious for it and learn rapidly to do good work. Our great desire is to improve the home life by stimulating a pride in it and by cultivating neat and tidy habits. There are now, thoroughly organized, sewing departments at Chase City, Norfolk and Bluestone, Va; Henderson, N. C.; Knoxville, Athens, Bristol, Cleveland, Tenn., and at Prairie, Miller's Ferry, Canton Bend and Camden, Ala.

Cooking is a regular department at Knoxville, Tenn., Norfolk, Va., Miller's Ferry, Ala., and Henderson, N. C. At Norfolk the classes in cooking are graded just as in the other departments of the school, beginning with the rudiments, the simplest combinanations, and advancing to the most complicated dishes. They are given the theory, then are required to put these theories into practice daily; so that those taking the whole course must necessarily be thoroughly prepared as all around cooks. We hope to have the same methods followed in the other stations. Sewing is taught in the same way, beginning with a straight seam, then a hem, then felling and on up to the cutting and making of a complete garment. The aim is to have each girl make her own graduating dress complete.

Another very important feature of our Industrial work is the farm at Prairie. There we are trying to make practical farmers. The land is rented to tenants for a one-half share of crops, and by these tenants cultivated under the supervision of a superintendent, who requires that the ground shall be fertilized carefully and that crops shall be rotated in such a way that the ground shall not become exhausted. The tenants are required to keep the fences and ditches in good condition. System in every phase of farming is the great object in view, and the Board is satisfied that the present superintendent is accomplishing this.

The General Missionary Society has put up a number of buildings at various stations, viz.: all of the buildings which compose the mission at Camden; the parsonage at Miller's Ferry; all the buildings at Prairie, Ala.; the Little Girls' Home at Knoxville, the school building at Athens, Tenn and the Girls' Industrial Home at Chase City, Va. All of this property is kept in good repair, which all who know about the care of property will understand means constant care and outlay.

At present twenty-one Industrial workers



Cooking Class at Knoxville College.

are being supported, which, with the necessary expenses of the department, will involve an outlay of $10,000 this year. We would like to call special attention to this statement. Last year we made a similar statement, but the contributions did not come quite up to the necessary amount. Will our good friends in the various societies not see that the whole amount is provided this year? We do appreciate the kindly and material interest of the past and ask a continuance, with a little addition, in the future.

PARAGRAPHS WORTH QUOTING.

Instead of sending students from the foreign field to be educated here for their work at home, it is now most sensibly proposed that we send our student volunteers to the foreign schools and stations to be educated on the field where they are to labor. In all of our most advanced Indian communities today, such as those of the Sioux, the Santees and the Cherokees, one will find the leading missionaries to be those who were brought up on the reservation.—*The Interior.*

The Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, of Fukuoka, Kiu-shiu Diocese, Japan writes:—

"A clockmaker whom I baptized some three years since in a distant village called the other day to see me; unfortunately I was away, but he left his card on which was printed, 'Member of the *Nippon Sei Ko Kwai*' ['Japan Church']. This is an unusual, but interesting, way of 'confessing Christ before men.'"—*Awake.*

No time has ever been and no time can ever be when the closing of life will cease to be its great event.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Industrial work is being strongly emphasized in India, as especially useful in the training of famine orphans to become self-supporting. At a conference held in Bombay, missionaries related experiences with children in carpentry, tinsmithing, and weaving, and strongly advocated making of jam and soap or manufacturing of cocoanut fibre or buttons from the shell. European ideas introduced in every form of manual training are meeting with great success.—*The Missionary Link.*

The new railway cuts right through the Cochin State, and will probably tend to faciliate the progress of the Gospel.

Bridging the rivers is necessarily a slow process. I asked one of the engineers the other day how he was getting on with the bridge over one of the large rivers.

"Oh nicely!" and rapidly he said, "but there was nothing to be seen."

The fact is, the main and most difficult part of the work is laying the foundation by sinking shafts right down some thirty or forty feet to the solid bed of the rock.

Here is a spiritual lesson for Christian workers in difficult fields. More patience is needed. Waiting upon the Lord and *for* the Lord. If we are really building on Christ, the solid Rock, in due time the Church will rise. Here and there it is coming, as it were, to the surface, and there is not wanting indications that our labor is ont in vain in the Lord.—*The Church Missionary Gleaner.*

Sir Charles Elliott said recently that in the 20 years from 1871 to 1891 the people of India had increased by 20 per cent., but the Christians had increased 60, and the Protestants by 145 per cent. It was difficult to name a governor, a lieutenant-governor, or a commander-in-chief, who had had opportunities of knowing the facts, who had not endorsed Lord Lawrence's opinion that the greatest benefits we had conferred on India had been conferred by the missionaries; and many similar testimonials had been given by non-official and non-Christian natives. A broad foundation had now been laid, and there was good reason to believe that the progress would continue.—*The London Times.*

We need to press the foreign missionary work for the sake of the churches at home. We all recognize that in our great material prosperity worldiness has crept into many of our churches. We have serions problems on our hands. The government of our great cities is still in the experimental stage; in many respects it has been a conspicuous failure. We are at work on one of the greatest problems of the centuries, to weld into one free republic representatives of all nations. There is only one thing that can quicken our churches into new life, than can purify onr cities, that can preserve our republic, and that is a renewed

interest in religion. Not education or culture, but God in human lives, is to be our salvation. And I believe the very surest way to have this new religious interest at home is to be more true and earnest in our work abroad. It is the self-sacrificing spirit that always makes the most forcible appeal. When we get into broader sympathy with the whole world, remembering that we are "our brother's keeper," and that "our brother" is the man in the greatest need at the ends of the earth, then the blessings will most quickly come to our own work and churches at home.—*Samuel B. Capen, L. L. D.*

GREENLAND.—Not a little of the romance of early Moravian missions is associated with Greenland. It is therefore pathetic to read of the withdrawal of the Moravian missionaries. The work has been transferred to the Church of Denmark. There were six stations and thirty-three out-stations, with eight missionaries and thirty native helpers. One of the missionaries has gone to South Africa—a very difficult field of labor. The others will soon be occupied with new tasks also. The Moravians have handed over some hundreds of communicants. *Evangelical Missions* (*Dis Evangelisehen Missionen*) for April gives a touching account of the farewell services, when 800 Greenlanders, conveyed by 250 boats and kayaks, assembled at Lichtenau for public worship, and 423 communicants sat down at the Lord's Table. The new missionary pastors set over them are worthy of all confidence—Pastors Balle, father and son. The former has been for forty years in charge of the Danish Training Institute at Godthaab; the latter is a Greenlander of the Greenlanders who was born in the country and was only out of it for his theological training in Copenhagen, and who can steer a kayak as no European ever can. It is interesting to read of this good work in process among "Greenland's icy mountains." Only readers of the mission magazines of many lands have any idea of the countless quarters to which the gospel message is being faithfully carried by devoted heralds from the manifold sections of the Christian Church.—*Olive Trees.*

We have great pleasure in announcing that His Majesty the King has graciously acceded to the request of the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Society, that the Bible to be presented to his Majesty on the occasion of his coronation in Westminster Abbey next year, should be the gift of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The following words, weighty and beautiful, adapted from "The Form and Order of Her Majesty's Coronation on June 28th, 1838," will probably be used by the Archbishop of Canterbury in June, 1902—

"Our Gracious King: we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is Wisdom; This is the Royal Law; These are the lively Oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the Words of this Book: that keep, and do, the things contained in it. For these are the Words of Eternal Life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through Faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."—*The B. and F. Bible Society Reporter.*"

Editorial.

A Spray of Honeysuckle.

I broke one day a slender stem,
Thick-set with little golden horns,
Half bud, half blossom, and a gem—
ch as one finds in autumn morns
When all the grass with dew is strung—
On every fairy bugle hung.

Careless, I dropped it in a place

Where no light shone, and so forgot
Its delicate, dewy, flowering grace,
Till presently from the dark spot
A charming sense of sweetness came
That woke an answering sense of shame.

Quickly I thought, O heart of mine,
A lesson for thee plain to read:
Thou needest not that light should shine.
Or fellow men thy virtues heed;
Enough—if haply this be so—
That thou hast sweetness to bestow.
—*Mary Emily Bradley.*

What can we say that has not already been said about William McKinley, so recently the President? Nothing The gamut of expression seems to have been sounded in all its notes. Deplorable as is his fate, who would not prefer to have met such a death, rather than to live the life of an assassin? One lesson we venture to emphasize even though we should incur the charge of being trite. It is this: that though law may be necessary and in many cases potent for the suppression and prevention of overt crime, yet the Gospel received into the hearts of all men will be the only real cure for anarchy and all other forms of ill-doing. Could we but implant a knowledge of Christ in those darkened souls which are ignorant of Him, life would become a sacred thing, and man might be happy yet. Let us not forget that even in this land there are heathen for whom we are responsible.

This autumn, as we learn from the September issue of Olive Trees, the Reformed Presbyterian church sends out its first woman medical missionsry. Miss J. Maude George, M. D., is the one chosen as their pioneer in that class. We trust that a double portion of God's Spirit may be upon her.

"The distinctive elements that enter into the success" of the North Laos mission are summarized by the Hon. Hamilton King as follows: "1st. It is separated from such influences of civilization as tend to counteract the influences of Christianity. 2nd. There is but one denomination in the field. 3rd. They show respect for those things that are sacred to the Siamese. 4th. They have the wisdom to let the Siamese govern their our people."

The meeting of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, New York, must have felt deeply the loss of good Dr. Foster, and yet this body, so dear to his heart, held, last summer, the largest gathering it has ever had. Five members of this Union had been killed in the Chinese difficulties and ten others had also passed from life during the year. Many interesting points were discussed, and a large number of instructive and suggestive facts might be quoted from its report. China would naturally receive a good degree of attention, and we note with gratitude that one result of the war in South Africa is found in the great freedom for native evangelists, such as they never previously had obtained. "Now, these men of high character, great ability and the most earnest spiritual life can go from one end of the country to another with no hindrance."

Credit must be given to Dr. McGranahan, of our Knoxville Mission, for the pictures we present this month. He kindly furnished them for use in the MAGAZINE. They are taken from a very attractive album containing views of our Freedmen's Missions. These albums are issued from the printing department of Knoxville College, the greater portion of the undertaking being accomplished there, though all could not be done on account of the heavy pressure of work in the office. The price of this collection of views is twenty-five cents per copy; but in lots of twelve or more, they may be secured at the rate of $2.00 a dozen. All that is received from the sale of these albums will go for the benefit of the work.

We should be stimulated to work for the Freedmen by the knowledge that while we slumber the enemy is sowing tares. Roman Catholics are not indifferent to the value of proselytes among this race. We may perhaps forecast the disaster that would follow if the Afro-Americans should become votaries of the Pope. Any one who has read Sen-

ate document 190, reporting certain conditions in the Philippines, must shudder at the thought of the papal system gaining headway among the Negroes.

As we look at the Annual Report of the Board of Foreign Missions, we cannot refrain from thinking how much labor has been expended on its preparation. The general public has but a slight conception of the outlay of mental and physical strength necessary to the production of these pamphlets, which, too often, are carelessly tossed aside. The body ecclesiastic owes much gratitude to those who so patiently, painstakingly and unostentatiously prepare its special reports and arrange its minutes. The Board of Foreign Missions has succeeded admirably this year in the manner of laving its report before the church. Any one who will take the trouble to read this compendium with even a moderate degree of attention cannot fail to receive light with regard to the efforts made to evangelize foreign lands. A number of illustrations add interest to this report. Send to Dr. W. W. Barr, 1425 Christian street, Philadelphia, and obtain a copy.

Please note what Mrs. Dean has to say at the beginning of the Young People's Department this month.

The statemeut is made that Trinity church, New York, sends in the summer 4,000 children from the purlieus of the city on excursions to the seashore; while Madison Square Presbyterian church gives a similar happiness to 3,000 more. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

A writer in the Bible Society Reporter recalls the following incident recounted by Dr. Moffatt: "Another story humorously tells of a shepherd lad who came in great distress to Dr. Moffatt, bringing a torn Dutch Testament. In bitter grief he told how the watch-dog had got hold of the book and torn a page out of it. 'Well, well,' said Dr. Moffatt, 'don't break your heart about it; I can get you another Testament.' 'No, no,' cried the lad, by no means comforted. 'But think of the dog.' Dr. Moffatt laughed. 'Nonsense,' said he, 'if your dog can crunch an ox-bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper. The lad's eyes were filled with amazement. 'Oh! Papa Moffatt,' he cried, 'I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart and began to love everybody and forgive all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting-dog, has got the blessed book in him, and will begin to love the lions and tigers and let them help themselves to the sheep aud oxen!'"

George Leslie MacKay, a missionary sent to Formosa by the Presbyterian church of Canada, has recently been called home by His Master; and James Chalmers, a messenger of salvation under the charge of the London Missionary Society, has met a most cruel and repulsive end, falling a prey to cannibals. He has joined the noble host of those who, not accepting deliverance, shall obtain a better resurrection.

From the United Presbyterian is clipped the following paragraph:

"The last will and testament of Mr. James E. Walker, late of Walker's Mills, Pa., has just been probated and the United Presbyterian Church is made his legatee for a large amount of property. The Foreign, Home, Freedmen's and Church Extension Boards receive $6000 each. The home farm, containing 111 acres, is given to the United Presbyterian Women's Association to be used as follows: The farm is to be divided into two parts as nearly equal as possible, the half without building is to be devoted to the support of the Memorial Hospital, and the half surrounding the old homestead is "to be kept in perpetuity by said Board of Managers and their successors in office, . . . said farm to be used as a summer resort or a place to which the children may be taken." This home is well situated, being only a few rods distant from Iffly station on the Panhandle R. R., with large rooms, and all in a good state of preservation. The congregation of Noblestown

in which he was an elder for more than forty years receives $500.

BOOK-SHELF.

WEAPONS FOR TEMPERANCE WARFARE. By BELLE M. BRAIN.

This is one of the publications of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago, and contains a variety of "plans and programs," designed specially for the use of the young in their temperance meetings. A good degree of originality is manifested, and in an interesting way much information is imparted with regard to the evil of intemperance. The division dealing with the liquor-traffic in Africa should prove useful in connection with our missionary topic for next December. Price 35 cents.

THE MISSIONARY MANUAL. By AMOS R. WELLS. Issued by the same society as the book revieved above and may be purchased for the same amount.

It is a compendium of suggestions for missionary meetings among the younger people, and opens in a very practical way by giving hints as to the organization of a missionary society, its various committees and other necessary machinery. The most of the remarks about "missionary music" will scarcely be appropriate for United Presbyterians, but there is much of value to be learned from this little volume. Those who are puzzled as to the management of young people's missionary societies, and specially as to the preparations of interesting, profitable programs, will do well to secure this Manual.

We desire to mention F. H. Revell's "Around The World in Bookland." This is a satisfactory catalogue of missionary literature, and will be found very helpful in the selection of libraries or in procuring books on some special missionary topic.

M. H. W.

Outlined Programs for November and December.

NOVEMBER—THE FREEDMEN.

1. The Negro, his strength and weakness
2. Present stage of Negro development in this country.
3. Booker T. Washington's theories of his peoples' education
4. Efforts of Roman Catholics to obtain influence among the Freedmen.
5. The Freedman's great need of the Gospel.
6. Stories of our own earliest mission work among this people.
7. A typical mission-school among the Freedmen.
8. Sketch of the existing status of United Presbyterian work among the Afro-Americans.

LITERATURE.

Apply to Literature Secretaries for the leaflet, "Home Influences among the Colored People," price 2 cents each, 20 cents per dozen. Study also the report of our Freedmen's Board, and that of Dr. C J. Vincent at the Annual Meeting of the W. G. M. S. In addition, consult Booker T. Washington's works, which have been reviewed in the MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MISSIONARY AND THE RUM AND OPIUM TRAFFIC.

1. What do missionaries themselves say about the effect of the rum and opium traffic upon their work?
2. A few instances of the disasters wrought by this trade among heathen tribes.
3. Evils of intemperance among the North American Indians.
4. What attitude should be taken by Christian people with regard to the sale of intoxicants among the uncivilized or semi-civilized races?

LITERATURE.

The leaflets "Intemperance in South Africa" and "The Liquor Traffic a Hindrance to Foreign Missions' may be secured at the rate of 6 cents a dozen from the Literature Secretaries. Read carefully Dr. Craft's book on this topic recently noticed in "The Book-Shelf." Apply (enclosing stamp) for literature to the Reform Bureau, 210 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. From the same address may be obtained the last issue in 1900 of the Twentieth Century Quarterly.

M. H. W.

STUDIES FOR 1901

November—The Freedmen.
December—The Conflict between the Missionary and the Rum and Opium Traffic.

Thank-offering.

Important Questions for United Presbyterian Women to Answer.

Our Watchword for 1902.

Look Up and Read!
Look Up and Pray!
Look Up and Work!
Look Up and Give!

A Thank-offering Message.

Look up and read! How many of the 60 or 70,000 women whose names are enrolled upon our church lists as co-workers with Christ in the salvation of the world, look up to God daily and ask His blessing upon their reading of the work being accomplished in the mission fields of the world, and of the great need of the unevangelized? As the alarming indifference of Christian men and women to-day to the cause of missions is largely due to ignorance of the work, is it not important that there should be some systematic plan adopted by each one for reading the news fresh from the fields of activity?

Look up and pray! How many look up to God daily for His blessings upon the overworked laborers in the mission fields and pray that He may send forth more laborers into the harvest fields?

Look up and work! How many look up daily and ask God to guide in efforts to build up His Kingdom of grace in their own hearts; in the hearts of their own families, of their own neighbors, of their own countrymen, of all men and women everywhere?

Look up and give! How many of our good women look up daily and ask God to guide them in using their means for the advancement of His kingdom? How many look up to Him to direct as to the amount paid through their own congregational treasurers to the support of their own home work and for the boards of the church; or to the treasurer of the Missionary Society for the support of the special work assigned to the women of the church by the General Assembly? How many look up daily in gratitude to God for His rich blessings to them and theirs and then drop Thank-offerings in their boxes in order that others less blessed than they may learn of the Saviour?

Christian women, if you will be but faithful in carrying out the true spirit of these "watchwords" during the coming years there will no longer be any need of cutting down estimates; no need of the cry "retrench;" no need of empty treasuries or church boards in debt.

United Presbyterion women, will you not commit these words to memory and repeat them over day by day and see if it will not become a *real joy* to *read* and *pray* and *work* and *give* in order that through you others may be blessed as you are?

Only six months left in which to labor for the bringing in of large Thank-offerings at the Ingatherings in March next. Every society should be busy planning to give an increased amount over the past year. No special sum is called for by the Women's General Missionary Society for the 1902 offering, but the work undertaken will require increased contributions and offerings on the part of the women of the church. Will you disappoint us? We trust not!

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

Our Part and God's Part in the Conversion of the World.

BY REV. MCELWEE ROSS.

(The pastor's address at the Thank-offering service of the Ladies Missionary Society of the Oxford, Pa. United Presbyterian church, Sabbath evening, March 31.)

"Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, * * * * and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," are the words which suggest the

outline of my thought this evening. Then

Our Part is to GO.

God's Part is to GO WITH US.

"Sit down, young man; when God is pleased to convert the heathen, He will do so without your help or mine." This is what a venerable minister said to William Carey, the pioneer of modern missions when he presumed to raise the question in a Northampton ministers' meeting, "Have the churches done what they could for missions?" That venerable minister was wrong, as the thousands of Christians in heathendom today prove, and the great mass of the mother church no less than the heathen who have been saved has grown to love that Carey boy because he did not long stay set down. If there are those who have a lingering doubt of the co-operation of the human and the divine in the evangelization of the world let them go to the parable of the vine and the branches, or the beautiful figure of the bride and bridegroom, which is Christ and His church, or to that other very expressive figure of the Head and its Body; or if they will take plain words better, let them go to the great Head of the church Himself and hear Him say again in unequivocal words: "Go ye, therefore * * * and, lo, I am with you."

I am aware that to say GO is not a sufficiently explicit auswer to the question of our part in the conversion of the world, any more than the sum of the Ten Commandments is the elaboration of the law; and yet if I say, "Go in person," you may say, "Oh, that's impractical as well as old. We have heard that all our lives. But we can't go in person, and if we could, are there not hundreds better equipped than we who are pleading to be sent?"

We can only stop to say there may be several errors in this conclusion. First, the command to go may not always and invariably mean that we all must take passage to Egypt or India or Africa or China. The only restriction may mean that we lie not lazily around Jerusalem with our religion in our hearts, as we are all too prone to do. If we correct this error we will have accomplished something. Then we may be wrong in concluding that we cannot go even to the uttermost parts of the earth. I would not count it an impossible thing for God to make a Livingstone or a Judson out of some of us, and I do not believe that God would laugh at us were we to breathe the prayer that there might be conceived this very night in some heart in this very presence, by the power of the Holy Spirit, an apostle who should yet flood hundreds of heathen hearts with the light of the gospel of our adorable Lord. The harvest is yet plenteous and the laborers are yet few; and while we are humiliated and pained, and even righteously indignant, at the heed that is, or rather is not, given to that noble band of men and women who stand pleading to be sent, yet we are willing that others offer themselves so that perforce of the very importunity of numbers the hands of Mammon may be loosed from the hearts of our churches that there may be treasures in their storehouses.

And again, if I should say: "That, too, is old. We have heard over and over again the principle of Indirect Representation and the doctrine of the Omnipresence of Influence and Power, and the Gospel of Giving," etc., etc. However old it may be it is not antiquated. May you revere it for its age! I am persuaded that until more than one-sixteenth of one per cent. of the church's wealth—*the church's wealth*!—is laid on the altar we have need of pondering this matter of missionizing by our means. I can but believe that the whole problem of the evangelization of the world from the point of view of earthly agencies has resolved itself into a question of dollars and cents. This seems to be the only stubborn agent that has not been effectually touched. And of so much importance is it that until it is solved we may almost be said to be at the threshold of this great problem.

Dr. McDowell, of the Methodist Board of Missions, said, in the late Ecumenical Conference, that a certain well known missionary was wont to conclude all his letters, papers and addresses with these words: "The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise." The exploration has end-

ed. It has been demonstrated by the success of Livingstone, Carey and a hundred others, not less successful but less known, that the heathen are ready for the enterprise. It has been demonstrated by the self dedication of hundreds of volunteers that are now waiting and anxious to go, that the missionaries are ready. It has been thoroughly demonstrated by the divine favor which has from the beginning accompanied the efforts of such as have been sent, that God is ready. What then can be the matter unless it be that we are not ready to supply the money? Yes, yes; when Christians determine that the Gospel shall go to those that have it not, though there be fewer pictures on their walls and fewer jewels on their hands, and fewer and less expensive adornments on their persons, then shall He give us the heathen for Christ.

Go home, dear friends, and paint for yourselves, in outlines more distinct than Hoffman ever could make, pictures of Christ and the rich young man and hang them about your necks as breast-plates of immunity against that sightless selfishness which makes a hundred cents seem greater than a hundred souls and the glitter of gold more bright than the glory of God.

Perhaps I should say a word on prayer as a way by which we may answer the command to go. But I hardly think so. And for two, to me, good reasons: First, I believe it is nonsense to pray beyond the point to which we are willing to pay. In order that the wings of our prayers be swift, they must be silver lined. Second, if we do pray we will pay and if we do not pray we will not pay in any good sense. Of course the whole church body—fit and counterfeit—falls on its knees when a crisis comes like the recent Boxer business in China and the famine in India. And sometimes a soulful speech by some furloughed missionary will unlock our hearts for a fortnight or so. But that is too much like the remarkable bells that are said to hang on the peaks of the Tannus mountains in Germany. They are still and silent and dumb until the fierce winds come, and then they swing and peal and chime dolefully amid the howling winds and creaking trees. What the heathen need is prayers with hearts in them and of the cumulative plan —the more you pray, the more you pay.

Before dismissing the point of our obligation in this Heavenly enterprise on earth let me say: "That thou doest, do quickly" —without reference to the context. There is need of haste on many accounts. While we are sleeping the enemy is sowing tares. When Dr. Livingstone went to Africa one of his first converts was a chief of one of the tribes—Sechele, of the Bakwains. One of the customs of those people was that the chief of a tribe should marry at least one daughter of each of his under chiefs. Thus the allegiance of a tribe was more effectively cemented to their chief. Sechele had three good wives. He soon learned, however, that this was inconsistent with newly found faith. But what could he do? If he abandoned them their hearts would be crushed, and the families from which they came would be outraged; and an internal strife would ensue, which would mean the overthrow and probable destruction not only of the chief but of all his faction; and all factions would be so bestirred that it would be next to impossible to reach them again with the Gospel. When Sechele saw the dilemma he was in he groaned out to Dr. L., "Oh, I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!" That has been over sixty years ago. Do you hope that a half century has not drawn closer and yet more close these meshes about the souls of these unfortunate brethren of ours? Ah, indeed, indeed! Can some one not go out and write upon the sands of every shore that slants towards heathendom, in letters as luminous and large as light houses: "I WISH YOU WOULD COME TO THIS COUNTRY BEFORE I BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE MESHES OF OUR CUSTOMS."

And there is still another thing: These people are not only becoming more and more "entangled in the meshes of their customs," but their souls are being poisoned to death,

and they don't know what is killing them, poor souls! We don't realize that the death rate in heathen lands is greater by far than the accumulation of interest on money in the homeland. We do not realize that nearly every moment a heathen soul is called out of life into something else.

I love to sit in solitude sometimes and listen to the ticking of the clock, and try to put words to the measures as they are marked off by the pendulum, and thus hold intercourse with Father Time as he passes on. Sometimes he talks quite tenderly. Sometimes he tells frightful stories—something about "found-lost, spent-mispent, too late-too late." When you go to your comfortable homes to-night, draw up your easy chairs and as you wrap yourselves in thought of what I have said, as I certainly hope you will do, listen to that faithful old monitor, your clock, and hear him say even in ghostly tones: "One more! one more! one more! one more! one more! one more!"

I do not think I could do much good by dwelling on God's part even a little while. Permit this one word of encouragement—not to you but to them. O Egypt! O India! O Africa! O Isles of the Sea! Be of good courage. Do not despair. Hold out a little while. Ere long we *will* come to you, and God will come with us.

Correction.

The statement in the September MAGAZINE that societies could assign their offerings to the "Memorial Fund" to any department of the women's work they wished, was a mistake on my part. The Women's Board is still considering the question as to what one object the money thus given might be applied, that it would not probably be scattered over all departments of the work. It is expected that a memorial tablet will be made on which the names of the dear sainted workers, for whom memorial offerings will be given by the societies or individuals, will be inscribed, and placed with the object that may be chosen as the memorial one.

Mrs. Mary Speer Boden, in whose memory Muskingum Presbyterial has contributed a thank-offering of one hundred dollars, will head the list on the tablet.

(MRS.) MARY C. PORTER.

Foreign News Budget.

Egypt.

Miss Grace C. Brown gives interesting incidents termed "Light and Shadow."

Yesterday we laid away a sweet little girl only three years old, but bright and wise enough to seem at least five. In the early morning the father, Mr. Skander, hastened to the home of Mrs. Ewing to tell her the sad news that their little Elaine had died of diphtheria. Mrs. Ewing started for the home calling for Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Watson calling for me. We all felt very sad over the matter, for the family is a firm and tried protestant one and especially dear to Dr. and Mrs. Ewing, for they are their own children in the faith. In Mrs. Ewing's earlier mission days, when she was a worker in Cairo, she had taught the gentleman and his cousin as little boys to read the word of God. Later when all the families removed to Alexandria, they lived together for a quarter of a century in the bond of Christian fellowship. A few months ago Mr. Skander returned to Cairo, and though a long distance from the office where he was employed, he chose a residence near the Bulac church, that he might again be under the pastorate of his beloved missionary, Dr. Ewing. I was so pleased the Sabbath he brought his little boy and girl to be baptized. I had become fond of the family when I was in Alexandria, as Mr. Skander was my first Arabic teacher, and his sister, a very bright young lady, was a pupil in my school and ever since she has been a very close friend.

The death of dear little Elaine occurred at the time of the meeting of the mission association when all of the gentlemen were away, but we three women tried to do all that we could to comfort our beloved and sorrowing friends. We sent for the native pastor and the evangelist of Bulac to come. Mrs. Ewing kindly provided some money for Mr. Skander, as there is much to pay out for medicine, the little boy being very sick too with diphtheria. She also thoughtfully brought along some flowers and a bit of white ribbon, and we arranged them into a wreath: "for," said she, "it will please Mr. Skander. He likes nice things."

A few others were present at the funeral, but there

was no wailing, no loud mourning; and though their grief was crushing it was controlled. A smile shown through the father's tears as he told how little Elaine would climb upon his knee when he came home from his work in the heat of the day and rub and smooth his brow, asking him if he was tired and did his headache. As he paused the bright young mother picked up the little shoes and stockings, holding them so endearingly, a flood of tears flowing down her cheeks. And then there was a little bonnet the little girl had been so proud of, and the fond mother got it and tied it about the little chin and smoothed down the little dress and kissed the little hands

When the small white coffin came and the dear little lady was put therein, all her little clothes were put along with her. They bury everything with them here, imagining it will relieve their grief afterward if they see nothing that belonged to the dead. When Mrs. Ewing put the dainty wreath of pink roses on the coffin the stricken mother restrained her grief to thank her and I could not help thinking what tenderness, what sympathy, there was between those two women. It was like mother and daughter, and in my heart I praised God for this beautiful result of mission effort

There was a great contrast in the circumstances and surroundings of this death with one I saw a few days before, when a Muslim women came running to Mrs. Watson's telling her that Sophie was dead. She said they had washed and dressed her and if she were a Muslim they would know how to bury her, but as she was a Christian they knew not what to do Mrs. Watson came for me to go with her to take a last look upon one reared beneath our own roof. Previous to our going, Mrs. Watson arranged with one of our native professors to look after the burial. When we two women reached the house, we found the dead lying there and around her were gathered Muslim women, who might be reckoned righteous beside her, for she was filling a drunkard's grave.

Who was this Sophie? A black girl who at one time was said to have been the flower of the bevy of ransomed slave girls, and she had been trained and schooled in a mission family. While I was boarding with Mrs. Harvey, if ever I had a sick day, this girl was the first to know it and to attend to my needs. So kind, so thoughtful and so good, I cannot forget her. But she took to drinking and drink she would, although every effort was made to reform her, until worse followed worse to a dreadful end.

There is another black girl holding Sophie's former place, and like her a victim of intemperance. I pray God to take that life while it is pure.

A few months ago I wrote for our WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE an account of the death of little Arthur Loison. Recently I have learned that the child was a Jew. How beautiful that in our native school he has learned the elements of our Christian faith, so that he died, professing, in his sweet child way, the name of Christ.

Oh, that the death of that little child may lead his parents to the foot of the cross.

India.

Miss Fannie C. Martin writes:

The month of Bible school work for teachers and helpers of Zafarwal under the care of Miss Young and myself has just closed.

We had twenty-four women in our morning classes and taught them in the gospel of Mark. As some of the women could not read, it was necessary to classify according to ability. All, however, showed great interest in the study. I had a class of those learning to read. Four years ago I began with nine women and have used every means possible in the meantime to keep their interest up, even to Mr. Anderson fining their husbands for not helping their wives. It is needless to say that we were much pleased to find that two out of the nine could read pretty well in the Bible this year.

When one realizes how many difficulties these poor women have to contend with, we feel much more rejoiced with the one or two who overcome than vexed with the others that fail. The most of them, however, are like children in the sense that it does not do to show too much sympathy, or they would think the work of learning to read an impossibility.

Miss Jennie B. Morrison, of Sialkot, says:

My colleague in this work in Sialkot, Miss Dickey, has just started for America on account of failure in health. She and I came to India together six years ago and have been very intimately associated ever since. I shall miss her more than I can say.

I am wondering if people at home realize how very lonely it is for one to work alone out here. That is what many of us are having to do at present. Quite half of the ladies in our field are working singly now and at great disadvantage. May we not look for a speedy re-inforcement of our forces?

Miss Embleton writes:

As there was no house for me in my own station, Khangah Dogran, I had to leave when it became too hot to live in a tent and have spent the summer with Miss Fulton here in Jhelum. A house is being built for me at Khangah, or at least Mr. Crowe is making noble efforts in that direction but he finds himself confronted with many and serious difficulties. The people in that part of the country seem to have a very decided disinclination to doing work of that sort, so the workmen nearly all have to be imported. It is popularly believed, and I must confess with considerable reason, that fever lurks everywhere hereabout ready to catch all unsuspecting new comers; so it is very hard to get any one to come or to stay when he does come. The people suffer dreadfuily with fever and one can't blame them much for not wanting to go where it prevails. Last winter when Miss Fulton and I went down to Khangah Dogran, we found the two carpenters who were at work on Mr. Holliday's house both suffering with fever, and such a disconsolate pair as they were! They seemed to think our arrival the only thing that saved them from speedy death. We did our best for them, but the sickest one particularly enlisted our sympathy. We dealt out quinine to him, fed him on soup, and tried onr best to get him well; but recover he wouldn't. Nothing would do but he must go home, and the other one had to go along, as he wasn't able to travel alone. After their departure some one else had fever and I had occasion to inquire why they didn't come to get quinine. "Oh, we have plenty," was the reply. "We found ever so many doses in that carpenter's house after he had gone." And there that rascal, instead of taking the medicine we sent him, had been storing it up. Strange he didn't get well, wasn't it?

There, I meant to write about the work we've been doing in Jhelum, but I lost the thread of my discourse.

Young People's Department.

Exchange.

The following action has been taken by the Board of Directors of the Women's Board: "That the Magazine Committee be requested to establish a column in the Young People's Department for the reports of contributions by the Young Women's Missionary societies, and that the treasurers of such societies be asked to send to the editor of that department (Mrs. H. C. Dean) a postal stating the amount of such contributions; and that a correspondence be solicited between these societies and the editor aforesaid in order that the best methods and programs may be made known, as well as anything else that may create more of an interest in Young Women's Missionary societies."

The Magazine Committee heartily approve of this action, and it is proposed to send a marked copy of this number to the president of each Young Women's Missionary society, so far as the addresses have been secured, as a personal invitation to cooperate by reporting plans and methods of work that have proved successful, together with other items of interest. Questions from those desiring information will be printed, and also the answers of such societies as may have solved the difficulties under consideration, the suggestions of individuals well informed on the subject, and last, but not least, the reports of the contributions sent to us by the treasurers.

The invitation is extended to the Missionary Committees of the Young People's Christian Union to be with us in this Exchange. Not having at hand a list of their addresses, a copy of this MAGAZINE can not be mailed to each one, but will be on receipt of the proper address; also to any member of the Young Women's Missionary Society.

The editor of this department is desirous of promoting the usefulness of the Exchange and will be grateful for suggestions relative to the most advantageous conduct of the same.

Old Abe's Conversion.

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

The negro population of the little Southern town of Danvers was in a state of excitement such as it seldom reached except at revivals, baptisms or on emancipation day. The cause of the commotion was the anticipated return of the Rev. Abram Dixon's only son, Robert, who, having taken up his father's life-work and graduated at one of the schools, had been called to a city church.

When Robert's ambition to take a college course first became the subject of the village gossip, some said that it was an attempt to force Providence. If Robert were called to preach, they said, he would be endowed with the power from on high, and no intervention of the schools was necessary. Abram Dixon himself had at first rather leaned to this side of the case. He had expressed his firm belief in the theory that if you opened your mouth, the Lord would fill it. As for him, he had no thought of what he should say to his people when he rose to speak. He trusted to the inspiration of the moment, and dashed blindly into speech incoherent or otherwise.

Himself a plantation exhorter of the ancient type, he had known no schools except the fields where he had plowed and sowed, the woods and the overhanging sky. He had sat under no teacher except the birds and the trees and the winds of heaven. If he did not fail utterly, if his labor was not without fruit, it was because he lived close to nature, and so, near to nature's God. With him religion was a matter of emotion, and he relied for his results more upon a command of feeling than upon an appeal to reason. So it was not strange that he should look upon his son's determination to learn to be a preacher as unjustified by

the real demands of the ministry.

But as the boy had a will of his own and his father a boundless pride in him, the day came when, despite wagging heads, Robert Dixon went away to be enrolled among the students of a growing college. Since then six years had passed. Robert had spent his school vacations in teaching; and now, for the first time, he was coming home, a full-fledged minister of the gospel.

It was rather a shock to the old man's sensibilities that his son's congregation should give him a vacation, and that the young minister should accept; but he consented to regard it as of the new order of things, and was glad that he was to have his boy with him again, although he murmured to himself, as he read his son's letter through his bone-bowed spectacles: "Vacation, vacation, an' I wonder ef he reckons de devil's goin' to take one at de same time?"

It was a joyous meeting between father and son. The old man held his boy off and looked at him with proud eyes.

"Why, Robbie," he said, "you—you's a man!"

"That's what I'm trying to be, father." The young man's voice was deep, and comported well with his fine chest and broad shoulders.

"You's a bigger man den yo' father ever was!" said his mother, admiringly.

"Oh, well, father never had the advantage of playing football."

The father turned on him aghast. "Playin' football!" he exclaimed "You don't mean to tell me dat dey 'lowed men learnin' to be preachers to play sich games?"

"Oh, yes, they believe in a sound mind in a sound body, and one seems to be as necessary as the other in fighting evil"

Abram Dixon shook his head solemnly. The world was turning upside down for him.

"Football!" he muttered, as they sat down to supper.

Robert was sorry that he had spoken of the game, because he saw that it grieved his father. He had come home intending to avoid rather than to combat his parents' prejudices. There was no condescension in his thought of them and their ways. They were different; that was all. He had learned new ways. They had retained the old. Even to himself he did not say, "But my way is the better one."

His father was very full of eager curiosity as to his son's conduct of his church, and the son was equally glad to talk of his work, for his whole soul was in it.

"We do a good deal in the way of charity work among the churchless and almost homeless city children; and, father, it would do your heart good if you could only see the little ones gather together learning the first principles of decent living."

"Mebbe so," replied the father, doubtfully "but what you doin' in de way of teachin' dem to die decent?"

The son hesitated for a moment, and then he answered gently, "We think that one is the companion of the other, and that the best way to prepare them for the future is to keep them clean and good in the present."

"Do you give'em good strong doctern, er do yon give'em milk and water?"

"I try to tell them the truth as I see it and believe it. I try to hold up before them the right and the good and the clean and beautiful."

"Humph!" exclaimed the old man, and a look of suspicion flashed across his dusky face. "I want you to preach fer me Sunday."

It was as if he had said, "I have no faith in your style of preaching the gospel. I am going to put you to the test."

Robert faltered. He knew his preaching would not please his father or his people, and he shrank from the ordeal. It seemed like setting them all at defiance and attempting to enforce his ideas over their own. Then a perception of his cowardice struck him, and he threw off the feeling that was possessing him. He looked up to find his father watching him keenly, and he remembered that he had not yet answered.

"I had not thought of preaching here," he said, "but I will relieve you if you wish

it."

"De folks will want to hyeah you an' see what you kin do," pursued his father, tactlessly. "You know dey was a lot of 'em dat said I oughtn't ha' let you go away to school. I hope you'll silence 'em."

Robert thought of the opposition his father's friends had shown to his ambitions, and his face grew hot at the memory. He felt his entire inability to please them now.

"I don't know, father, that I can silence those who opposed my going away or even please those who didn't, but I shall try to please One."

It was now Thursday evening, and he had until Saturday night to prepare his sermon. He knew Danvers, and remembered what a chill fell on its congregations, white or black, when a preacher appeared before them with a manuscript or notes. So, out of concession to the prejudices, he decided not to write his sermon, but to go through it carefully and get it well in hand. His work was often interfered with by the frequent summons to see old friends who stayed long, not talking much, but looking at him with some awe and a good deal of contempt. His trial was a little sorer than he had expected, but he bore it all with the good-natured philosophy which his school life and work in a city had taught him.

The Sabbath dawned, a beautiful, Southern summer morning; the lazy hum of the bees and the scent of wild honeysuckle were in the air; the Sabbath was full of the quiet and peace of God; and yet the congregation which filled the little chapel at Danvers came with restless and turbulent hearts, and their faces said plainly: "Rob Dixon, we have not come here to listen to God's word. We have come here to put you on trial. Do you hear? On trial."

And the thought, "On trial," was ringing in the young minister's mind as he rose to speak to them. His sermon was a very quiet, practical one; a sermon that sought to bring religion before them as a matter of every-day life. It was altogether different from the torrent of speech that usually flowed from that pulpit. The people grew restless under this spiritual reserve. They wanted something to sanction, something to shout for, and here was this man talking to them as simply and quietly as if he were not in church.

As Uncle Isham Jones said, "De man never fetched an amen;" and the people resented his ineffectiveness. Even Robert's father sat with his head bowed in his hands, broken and ashamed of his son; and when, without a flourish, the preacher sat down, after talking twenty-two minutes by the clock, a shiver of surprise ran over the whole church. His father had never pounded the desk for less than an hour.

Disappointment, even disgust, was written on every face. The singing was spiritless, and as the people filed out of church and gathered in knots about the door, the old-time head-shaking was resumed, and the comments were many and unfavorable.

"Dat's what his schoolin' done fo' him," said one.

"It wasn't nothin' mo'n a lecter," was anther's criticism.

"Put him 'side o' his father," said one of the Rev. Abram Dixon's loyal members, "and, bless my soul, de ol' man would preach all roun' him, and he ain't been to no college, neither!"

Robert and his father walked home in silence together. When they were in the house, the old man turned to his son and said, "Is dat de way dey teach you to preach at college?"

"I followed my instructions as nearly as possible, father."

"Well, Lawd he'p dey preachin', den! Why, befo' I'd ha' been in dat pulpit five minutes, I'd ha' had dem people moanin' an' hollerin' all over the church.,"

"And would they have lived any more cleanly the next day?"

The old man looked at his son sadly, and shook his head as at one of the unenlightened.

Robert did not preach in his father's church again before his visit came to a close; but before going, he said, "I want you to promise me you'll come up and visit me, father. I want you to see the work I am trying to do. I don't say that my way

is best or that my work is a higher work, but I do want you to see that I am in earnest."

"I ain't doubtin' you mean well, Robbie," said his father, "but I guess I'd be a good deal out o' place up thaih."

"No, you wouldn't, father. You come up and see me. Promise me."

And the old man promised.

It was not, however, until nearly a year later that the Rev. Abram Dixon went up to visit his son's church. Robert met him at the station, and took him to the little parsonage which the young clergyman's people had provided for him. It was a very simple place, and an aged woman served the young man as cook and caretaker; but Abram Dixon was astonished at what seemed to him both vainglory and extravagance.

"Ain't you livin' kin' o' high fo' yo' raisin', Robbie?" he asked.

The young man laughed. "If you'd see howsome of the people live here, father, you'd hardly say so."

Abram looked at the chintz covered sofa and shook his head at its luxury, but Robert on coming back after a brief absence, found his father sound asleep upon the comfortable lounge.

On the next day they went out together to see something of the city. By the habit of years, Abram Dixsn was an early riser, and his son was like him; so they were abroad somewhat before business was astir in the town. They walked through the commercial portion and down along the wharves and levees. On every side the same sight assailed their eyes: black boys of all ages and sizes, the waifs and strays of the city, lay stretched here and there on the wharves or curled on door-sills, stealing what sleep they could before the relentless day should drive them forth to beg a pittance for subsistence.

"Such as these we try to get into our flock and do something for," said Robert.

His father looked on sympathetically, and yet hardly with full understanding. There was poverty in his own little village, yes, even squalor, but he had never seen anything just like this. At home almost every one found some open door, and rare was the wanderer who slept out-of-doors except from choice.

At nine o'clock they went to the police court, and the old minister saw many of his race appear as prisoners, receiving brief attention and long sentences. Finally a boy was arraigned for theft. He was a little wobegone fellow hardly ten years of age. He was charged with stealing cakes from a bakery. The judge was about to deal with him as quickly as with the others, and Abram's heart bled for the child, when he saw a negro call the judge's attention. He turned to find that Robert had left his side. There was a whispered consultation, and then the old preacher heard with joy, "As this is his first offense and a trustworthy person comes forward to take charge of him, sentence upon the prisoner will be suspended."

Robert came back to his father holding the boy by the hand, and together they made their way from the crowded room.

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" said the old man, brokenly.

"We often have to do this. We try to save them from the first contact with the prison and all that it means. There is no reformatory for black boys here, and they may not go to the institutions for the white; so for the slightest offense they are sent to jail, where they are placed with the most hardened criminals. When released they are branded forever, and their course is usually downward."

He spoke in a low voice, that what he said might not reach the ears of the little ragamuffin who trudged by his side.

Abram looked down on the child with a sympathetic heart.

"What made you steal dem cakes?" he asked, kindly.

"I was hungry," was the simple reply.

The old man said no more until he had reached the parsonage, and then he saw how the little fellow ate and how tenderly his son ministered to him, he murmured to himself, "Feed my lambs;" and then turning to his son, he said, "Robbie, dey's

some'p'n in dis, dey's some'p'n in it, I tell you."

That night there was a boys' class in the lower room of Robert Dixon's little church. Boys of all sorts and conditions were there, and Abram listened as his son told them the old, sweet stories in the simplest possible manner and talked to them in his cheery, practical way. The old preacher looked into the eyes of the street gamins about him, and he began to wonder. Some of them were fierce, unruly-looking youngsters inclined to meanness and rowdyism, but one and all, they seemed under the spell of their leader's voice. At last Robert said, "Boys, this is my father. He's a preacher, too. I want you to come up and shake hands with him." Then they crowded round the old man readily and heartily, and when they were outside the church, he heard them pause for a moment, and then three rousing cheers rang out with the vociferated explanation, "Fo' de minister's pap!"

Abram held his son's hand long that night, and looked with tear-dimmed eyes at the boy.

"I didn't understan'," he said. "I didn't understan'."

"You'll preach for me Sabbath father?"

"I wouldn't daih, honey. I wouldn't daih."

"Oh, yes, you will, pap."

He had not used the word for a long time, and at sound of it his father yielded.

It was a strange service that Sabbath morning. The son introduced the father and the father, looking at his son, who seemed so short a time ago unlearned in the ways of the world, gave as his text, "A child shall lead them."

He spoke of his own conceit and vainglory, the pride of his age and experience, and then he told of the lesson he had learned. "Why, people," he said, "I feels like a new convert!"

It was a gentler gospel than he had ever preached before, and in the congregation there were many eyes as wet as his own.

"Robbie," he said, when the service was over, "I believe I had to come up here to be converted." And Robbie smiled.

Two Servants of God.

During the Civil War, the owner of a plantation near Tampa, Florida, called his slaves to him, and said, in substance:

"I am in need of money, and have an opportunity to sell you in Georgia. If I do it, I want you to understand the reason: it is necessity that impels me. Yet even now I would make desperate efforts to keep you, but I am sure that before the war is over you will be free."

The two slaves loved their master, and cheerfully consented to be sold for his sake, yet looked forward to the time of which he had told them, and which was nearer even than he thought, when they were to be free.

Freedom come, and Abraham, one of the ex-slaves, seeking a surname worthy of a freeman, took, like Booker Washington, "the best name he could find," and became Abraham Grant. As Abraham Grant he worked his way through school, preaching the gospel the while to his less-favored brethren, and as the Rev. Abraham Grant he took his place in the African Methodist Church. Steadily he rose in his church and increased in usefulness, becoming a leader in the prpgressive work of his denomination, not only in America but in Africa, and at length was chosen to the episcopate.

A notable conference was to be held in Tampa, and an old man, living back on his plantation, read that Bishop Abraham Grant was to preside. He knew the name, and he hitched up his horse, drove to Tampa and sought, at the noon hour, the busy bishop who had once been his slave.

It was an affacting meeting; and when the time came for the afternoon session the two men walked arm iu arm to the church, white man and negro, layman and bishop, each forgetting what the world counted distinction or superiority in a Christian fellowship which had had its beginnings on the plantation, in the days when there were masters and slaves.

There were white men who wondered, that the old master should be walking arm in arm with a negro; there were members of the conference who wondered what the bishop was saying to the poorly dressed

man by his side; but the two were happy together. At the church the bishop introduced his old master, and the white man sat on a front seat, a reverent worshipper among men of dark skins, in a conference presided over by his former slave.

At the close of the meeting, as they bade each other farewell, the white man took the negro's hand and said, "Abraham, I want you to promise one thing. You live far from here, but when I die, I want you to come and preach my funeral sermon."

The bishop promised, and the two men parted. That funeral, when it occurs, will be worth going far to attend. There have been few like it, and the conditions are past that will make others like it possible in future years.—*Youths Companion.*

The first special work of the Junior Missionary Society was twelve hundred dollars contributed for the erection of this building

Prairie School Building.

at Prairie Bluff, Ala., a memorial to Mrs. Jennie Hastings Gillespie, the first Junior secretary. The building is occupied as chapel on Sabbath, the partition being so arranged that all can be thrown into one room. On the wall is a tablet bearing the inscription, "Mrs. Jennie Hastings Gillespie Memorial," also a portrait of Mrs. Gillespie.

New Societies.

New societies reported since the closing of the Junior secretaries annual report :

Kings Daughters, New California, Ohio.

Oakdale, Pa., Junior Missionary Society, with 20 members in three circles.

Olivet Mission J. M. S. of Shadyside church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Glade Mills, Pa., J. M. S., with 34 members. Let us hear from others giving numbers and superintendent.

Missionary Literature.

Miss Mary Campbell, in a letter from Pathankot, India, says :

"Much of my interest in the beginning of the work came from reading missionary books and letters. If you cannot visit the mission fields, which is best of all, do the next best thing : read the most interesting missionary literature you can find. I have been deeply interested in China since reading the 'China Inland Mission.' In reading it I said: 'If I were not in India I would go to China.' Read the book. Africa is much nearer my heart since studying an account of missions in the Western and Central portions. This winter I read again Dr Paton's wonderful book, and I entered with new zeal upon my work in Pathankot."

BIBLE READING.

D. L. Moody frequently said : "If you have only a few minutes for devotions spend a large part of the time in listening to God speak to you through His word."

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

LEADER.

GEN. 3:13.

The serpent or devil beguiled me and I did eat.

GEN. 3:24.

A flaming sword . . . to keep the way of

RESPONSE.

I JOHN 13:8.

The Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

JOHN 10:10.

I am come that they might have life and

LEADER.	RESPONSE.
the tree of life.	that they might have it more abundantly.
GEN. 21:15.	GEN. 21:19.
The water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.	God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water . . . and filled the bottle . . . and gave the lad drink.
GEN. 22:2.	GEN. 22:13.
Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest . . . and offer him there for a burnt offering.	Behold him a ram . . . Abraham offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.
GEN. 37:24, 36.	GEN. 41:41; 42:6.
They took him and cast him into a pit . . . they sold him into Egypt.	Pharaoh said unto Joseph, see I have set thee over all the land of Egypt . . . Joseph's brethren . . . bowed . . . before him.
EXODUS 14:9.	EXODUS 14:22.
The Egyptians pursued after them . . . and overtook them . . . by the sea.	The children went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground.
NUM. 20:2.	NUM. 20:11.
There was no water for the congregation.	The water came out abundantly and the congregation drank.
NUM. 13:33.	JOSHUA 11:22.
There we saw the giants, the sons of Anak.	There was none of the Anakim left.
I SAM. 7:10.	I SAM. 7:10.
The Philistines drew near to battle against Israel.	The Lord thundered with a great thunder . . . and discomfited them.
I Kings 20:27.	I KINGS 20:29.
The children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids; but the Syrians filled the valley.	The children of Israel slew of the Syrians a hundred thousand footmen in one day.
EZRA 8:22.	EZRA 8:31.
The enemy in the way.	The hand of our God was upon us, and he delivered us from the hand of the enemy . . . by the way.
DAN. 6 16.	DAN. 6:23.
They brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions.	Daniel was taken up out of the den and no manner of hurt was found upon him.
MATT. 2:13.	MATT. 2:14, 15.
Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.	He departed . . . until the death of Herod.
MATT. 8:6.	MATT. 8:13.
My servant lieth at home sick of the palsy.	His servant was healed in the self same hour.
MATT. 8:24.	MATT. 8:26.
There arose a great tempest.	There was a great calm.
MATT. 14:24.	MATT. 14:32.
The wind was contrary.	The wind ceased.
MATT. 14:30.	MATT. 14:32.
Peter began to sink.	Jesus . . . caught him.
MATT. 27:60.	MATT. 28:2.
He rolled a great stone to the door of the	The angel of the Lord . . . came and

LEADER.	RESPONSE.
sepulchre.	rolled back the stone from the door.
ACTS 5:18.	ACTS 5:19.
They put them in the common prison.	The angel opened the prison doors and brought them forth.
ACTS 16:24.	ACTS 16:26.
He made their feet fast in the stocks.	Every one's hands were loosed.
ACTS 16:24.	ACTS 16:40.
He thrust them into the inner prison.	They went out of prison.
ACTS 27:20.	ACTS 27:44.
All hope that we should be saved was then taken away.	They escaped all safe to land.
II TIM. 4:16.	II TIM. 4:17.
No man stood with me.	Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me.

NOTE.—Write out in full texts of scripture of the response, with where found, and distribute before the meeting. Give book, chapter and verse, then read Leader's text of scripture, when the member whose text of scripture has been called will read the answer; as 1st John 3:8. "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat," the member responding will read. "The Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

This is a variation, and gives the difficulty and its removal without anything to disturb the connection.

NEWS AND METHODS OF WORK, JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

Conducted by MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON, Junior Secretary.

What is the Best Plan for Conducting A Junior Meeting?

I do not feel competent to say what is "The Best Plan" but will be pleased to tell of some plans that have proved excellent in our Junior Missionary Society in 1st Xenia.

It is impossible to have a good Junior meeting unless the superintendent and assistant superintendents have met together and planned carefully for that meeting. It is best to have everything concerning the program decided upon and written out that day and that each superintendent know what part of it she will be responsible for. We have found that this will equally divide and lighten the work.

Some workers advocate giving out the work to the Juniors two weeks beforehand, but we have found one week much better (except in rare cases when it would require more time for preparation); for the children have less time to forget their assignments or mislay the slip on which their part is written.

Good music is indispensable to a good meeting. It is often necessary to begin singing before the appointed time in order to quiet the children. For, if allowed to race up and down in the church or outside or wherever held, they will naturally become uncontrollable They must be kept busy in preparation for the meeting by placing books, etc., or be kept quiet by singing. The singing also answers another purpose by giving them practice in the selections without taking time especially for that from the one short hour once a month. When the hour has come, cease the singing and have the Junior officers take their places. The Junior president has been made familiar with the program by a visit from one of the superintendents. The superintendent should sit near by the little president so that if there are absentees and breaks in the program the president will not be allowed to become embarrassed.

We vary our programme from month to month, yet for convenience in its discussion I will divide our program in the following manner: 1st, Devotional Exercises; 2d, Missionary Topic; 3d, Business.

1. The Devotional Exercises.—By having the devotional exercises in the form of a Bible reading with sentence prayers, and singing, we have found that we could give every Junior something to do, and that the particular boy or girl who conducts it has been greatly benefited by the preparatory training from one of the superintendents and by the actual leading itself. In the

term Bible reading we include a great deal. The younger Juniors should be expected only to read their Bible verse when called for; but the older members may bring in history of Bible characters proper for the subject If the subject should be, for example, Tithing or Thank-offering, we will frequently have them read suitable clippings. This Bible reading can be made very interesting as well as instructive.

Our children have been very good in coming prepared with sentence prayers repeating petitions from the Bible. We distributed Dr. McGill's book, "The Young Christian in Prayer," two years ago. It has been very helpful.

2. The Missionary Study.—The superintendent should have plenty of material to select and clip from in order to make the meeting interesting. In that case I would shorten the Bible reading. The children under eight will be tired after the devotional exercises mentioned and usually are not interested in the exercises of the older children. In carrying out the plan for the organization of Junior Missionary societies, it has been our custom to have one of the superintendents take them to themselves and interest them in the same subject, using pictures and objects. The advantage of this is three-fold: the instruction is adapted to their own minds; it relieves the older brothers and sisters of caring for them, and likewise relieves the superintendent from their restlessness and mischievous pranks. Every superintendent will appreciate this.

3. The Business —Due attention should be paid to the business. As I understand it, that is one line of training that the society is for. I believe in the secretary reading the minutes of the last meeting and the treasurer giving the amount of the collection. It had been our custom to select from the Juniors each day one or two to take up the collection but for the sake of order and to avoid hard feeling (for we find that all want to do it each day) we have added that to our treasurer's duties and find that it is more promptly done and no feelings are hurt. The children enjoy transacting the business and do it quite well, and sometimes show a good deal of wisdom. For example, one of our Juniors wanted an office and electioneered for it. The superintendents thought it would be wise to have him; but the Junior officers would not consent to his name coming before the society, for they said that he did not attend. We close promptly at the hour with singing, *if time permit*, and the Mizpeh benediction.

REMARKS.

To have good Junior meetings the superintendent must have the Juniors on her mind always. For example, in reading she must be on the alert for that which will be helpful to them. In meeting them, *they must be recognized*, even if you have to slight older people. A slighted Junior will remember it. Frequently one's own comfort must be given up for their sakes. Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, picnics, socials, sewing circles, packing boxes for Freedmen's and Indian's missions, and many other things are invaluable aids in keeping up the interest of children in Christian work. Attention to little things, together with earnestness and a real love for the work, will make good meetings.

The constitution provides that the society shall be formed in divisions, with a leader for each and a superintendent over all. Proceed to form your divisions according to age or sex, beginning with the little ones, who will form the cradle roll division, but who are not expected to attend the regular meetings of the society. Not more than ten should be placed in one division, except the young ladies, or the young people's divisions. These are composed of all who are over sixteen, and may hold their meetings but once a month, while the younger divisions may meet weekly. All divisions should meet quarterly to hear reports, review topics, open mite boxes, dispose of weekly offerings, and close with a social.

MRS. G. I. GORDON.

College Place Xenia, O., April 4, 1901.

Foreign Missions.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. BARR'S MONTHLY STATEMENT.

THE SUDAN MISSION.

There is something of a hitch in regard to the field of operation in the Sudan, His Excellency, the Sirdar, had given permission to the representatives of our mission, Mr. J. Kelly Giffen and Dr. McLaughlin, to return, and had granted the free use of 200

acres of land at Kolaib Hill, on the Sobat river, as the center of operations. On the 18th of July the Sirdar wrote to Mr. Giffen that "a mission of another denomination had already been granted a site on the west bank of the Nile, almost immediately opposite your proposed site." He then states that he was not aware of this at the time his former letter was written. In view of "rival missionary bodies of different faiths working in the same field," the Sirdar says that he was "reluctantly compelled" to ask our missionaries to choose another site, which would be at least 150 miles above or below the mouth of the Sobat, or else select a field on the Blue Nile among heathenish tribes in that region.

To this letter Mr. Giffen sent a strong, but very courteous reply to the Sudan government, setting forth the terms of permission that had been given our missionaries, claiming priority of grant over the mission now referred to—the Austrian Catholic—and stating the expense that had been incurred in exploring and selecting the field according to the permission given them by the government and by Lord Cromer at Cairo. What the result will be is not known at this date. If the government of the Soudan shall maintain its position taken in its letter to Mr. Giffen, it is probable that our missionaries will select a center of operations among the tribes on the Blue Nile, just where they wished to go a year ago, but were refused permission. The association in Egypt has directed Messrs. Giffen and McLaughlin to proceed to Omdurman, to investigate there the condition of affairs, and to proceed as their judgment may decide. They are probably at this date on their way to the field or have arrived in it. Farther word is awaited with deep interest.

EGYPT.

Rev. J. Kelly Giffen, in the letter in which he conveyed the above information relating to the Sudan mission, referred to the Summer Meeting of the association in Egypt. He said: "Our meetings were intensely interesting, but equally wearying. We were all worn out with the constant sittings, and trying to reduce by one third the estimates for the work to be done. The reduction was impossible, and work must suffer. Besides, there is no adequate meeting the demands and growth of the work. As it seems to me, it would be better to give at least a part of the field over to another society, say the C M. S., than to attempt to do what is evident we do not, and cannot do, and yet claim to do. It is hard to give up any part of the field, and should not be, but the missionaries cannot stand this constant financial strain." Others of the missionaries are beginning to sympathize with the view thus expressed. Certain it is, that if the church at home does not furnish the means to more fully occupy the field, other societies already there will extend their work. In many ways this is not desirable, but our church, if she fails to do what she ought to do, will have only herself to blame for the loss of a part of the field which should have been exclusively hers.

INDIA.

Miss Jennie B. Morrison wrote from Sialkot July 9. After referring to Miss Dickey's having to come home on account of her throat trouble, Miss Morrison says: "Do you realize how many of the ladies are having to work alone now? Miss Anderson is alone in Pasrur; Miss Campbell in Pathankote; Miss McCahon in Bhera; Miss Embleton in Khangah Dogran; and in the spring Miss Hill will be left alone in Lyallpur, and Jhelum will be left without a lady missionary, and I will be alone here, and no prospect of our being able to fill the vacancies unless some new ladies shall be sent out."

The Rev. G. W. Morrison wrote from Gujranwala July 17. In regard to the Orphanage and Industrial School work, of which he has been in charge for a few months, he says: "It is a very important work, and I think we have now such an opportunity for starting it as is not likely to present itself soon again. Already I have had eight or ten applications from young fellows from our own field to come here to learn trades, and am taking them in as rapidly as arrangements for them can be made. I believe that in a year or two, if we do good work here, we will have as large an attendance as there is at the Training Institute, and that, too, I think, without interfering with the educational work along purely literary lines."

The Rev. T. L. Scott wrote from Jhelum July 17, specially in relation to the Theological seminary and the students: "Our seminary has been closed now for some time, and Dr. and Mrs. Stewart have gone to Simla to spend the summer. I have my regular station work to look after, and have also to help Bro. Anderson to build the college. We graduated four boys from the seminary, and this left us but two; and since the session closed one of them has turned Mohammedan. His wife was the cause of his defection. He may one day come back."

The Rev. T. E. Holliday wrote from Khangah Dogran July 17: "I had the privilege of moderating a call at the new Chris-

tian village of Martinpur last week. The people called Mr. Kattu Mull, one of our presbytery's licentiates. They propose giving him a salary of $5 per month at the first. This is his present pay as a mission worker. This will be from the people themselves, and I hope the young man will see his way to accept and enter a field where a splendid work can be done for Christ." Mr. Holliday says that in one village he had baptized twelve persons, some of whom had been unner instruction for twelve or eighteen months Quite a number of others in another village had been admitted into the church after a protracted season of teaching.

TO SAIL.

The next missionary party for India and Egypt will sail from New York by the Campania, of the Cunard line, on Saturday the 5th of October, and from Liverpool by the Arabia, of the Anchor Line, on Oct 17. The party will consist of the Rev. J. H. Morton and wife, and Prof. W. E. Nicoll and wife, for India; and Miss Anna Y. Thompson, Miss Leonora J. McDowell, Miss Margaret A. Bell and Mrs. McClenahan, for Egypt.

W. W. BAR , Cor. Sec.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1901.

Mrs. Martha J. Torrence

Mrs. Martha J. Torrence fell asleep in Jesus Aug. 4. She was a highly respected Christian woman, and faithful member of the Women's Missionary Society, of Springfield, O. COM.

Mrs. J. H Andrew.

Our Heavenly Father has taken to Himself a dear sister and fellow-worker, Mrs. J. H. Andrew, and we, the W. M. A. of the New York Presbytery, wish to record our appreciation of one who was faithful to every trust committed to her in our society's work. Once she acted as president, and at least once as vice-president.

Strong in Christian character she had by nature the charm of a gentle, modest dignity and genuine cordiality, which made it always a pleasure to meet her.

From a long and painful illness God has released her, after a life of active service. To her husband, the Rev. J. H. Andrew, and to her children, we offer our sincere sympathy. S. C. PATTERSON.

Mrs. Nannie S. McCormick.

A tribute of love from the W. M. S. of St. Clair United Presbyterian church Mt. Lebanon, Pa., to the memory of Mrs. Nannie S. McCormick, who was called home August 13, 1901.

A sincere Christian, a true friend, a faithful member and officer in our missionary society, a kind and sympathetic woman, has done her work well, and has been called up higher.

The memory of those who were dear to us in life is precious in death. We shall ever remember her cheerful presence, as well as the willing heart and helping hand which was ever ready for service. We cannot understand the mystery of God in calling home so soon a life so useful, so earnest, but we are comforted with the thought that God makes no mistakes, and while we can not now see clearly through our veil of tears, yet one day we will understand.

We extend our kindly sympathy to the sorrowing friends and lovingly commend them to our Heavenly Father who gives us the precious promises of comfort, "Fear not, for I am with thee," "I am thy God, I will help thee."

MRS. ANNA B. GILLFILLAN.
MRS. MARGARET F. GILLFILLAN. } COM.

Mrs. Jennette Ann Hutchens.

Died suddenly Sabbath night August 4, 1901, Mrs. Jennette Ann Hutchens, a member of the Women's Missionary Society of South Argyle, New York. Today, occupying her accustomed seat in the house of God, uniting her voice in the song of praise; to-morrow, we trust, mingling with the multitude around the great white throne, swelling the chorus of the redeemed.

One less on earth whom we have long known and esteemed, one more passed over to the great beyond, to join those who have gone before; one ever ready for active service in the church, in the neighborhood and in the family.

Instantly, at the midnight hour, the summons came, and with it, t each of us the admonition "Be ye also ready."

To the bereaved husband, sons and daughters, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to Him who "Doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men" ANNA M. SKELLIE,
HELEN M. ALEXANDER,
SARAH M. LANT. } COM.

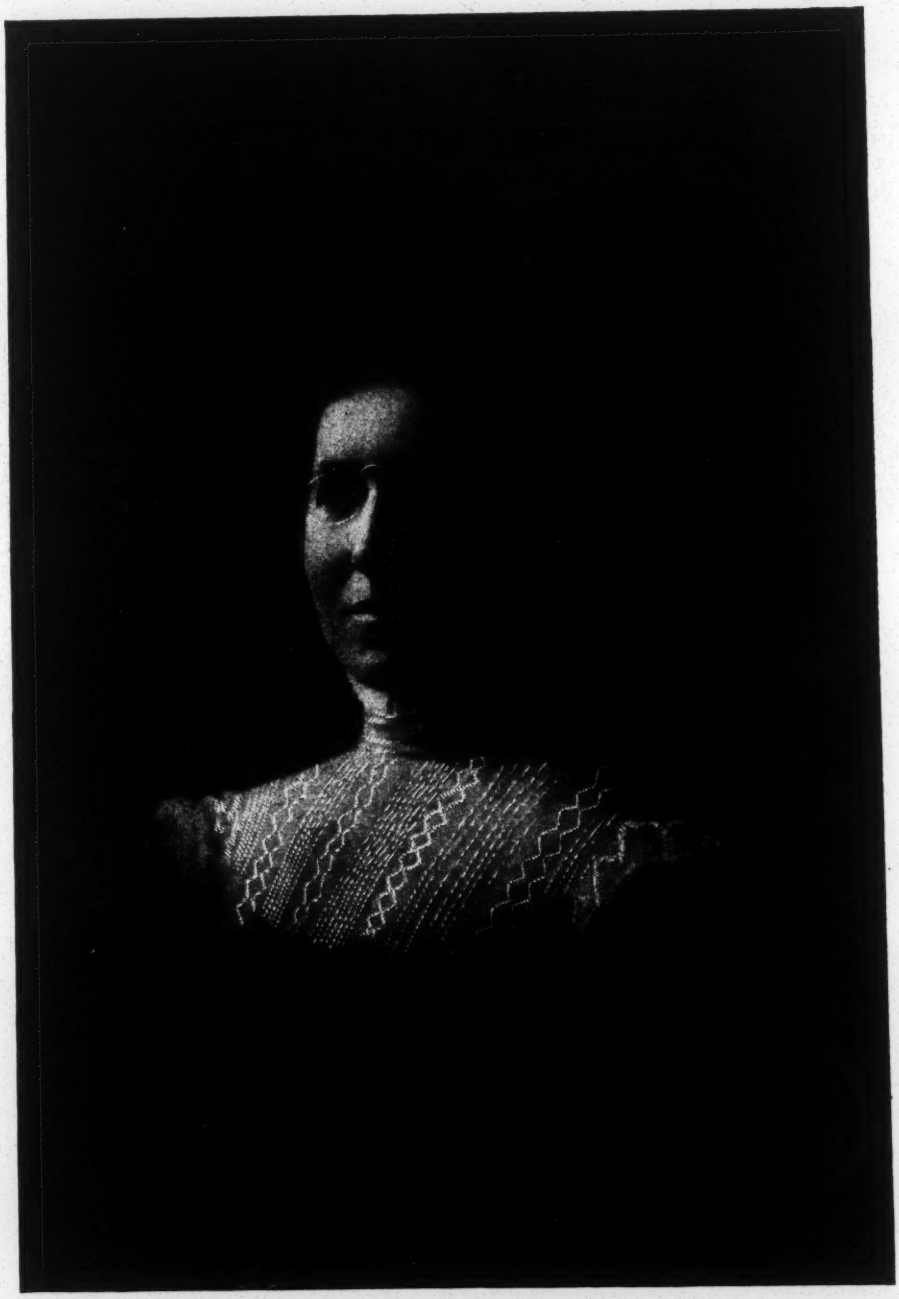
Miss Martha Cowden—Mrs. Lewis Liggett —Mrs Mary A. Thompsor.

The W M. S. of the U. P. congregation of West Middletown desire to place on record their tribute of love and respect to the memory of Miss Martha Cowden, Mrs. Lewis Liggett and Mrs. Mary A. Thompson who recently departed this life.

We would bear testimony to the Christian character of our deceased sisters, manifested in their faithful performance of the duties devolving upon them in the church and home; to their strong faith in the promises of God; to their love for their Saviour, and their peaceful and triumphant deaths.

As a society and as personal friends we sorrow, but not as those who have no hope, and are admonished by these bereavements, to be ready when the summons comes.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families and commend them to Him whose name is Comforter. MRS J. W. BROWNLEE,
MRS. J. E. RALSTON,
MISS LAURA CLARK,
MISS ANNIE MCCLURE. } COM.



MISS EVA MARSHALL SHONTZ.